COMMERCE.

A

POEM.

[Price One Shilling.]

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By Mr. CORNS. ARNOLD.

——Nonne vides croceos ut Tmolus odores,
India mittit ebur, molles ſua thura Sabæi?
At Chalybes nudi ferrum, viroſaque Pontus
Caſtorea, Eliadum palmas Epirus equarum?
Continuo has leges, æternaque fœdera certis
Impoſuit natura locis. VIRG.

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MDCCLI.

COMMERCE.

A

POEM.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERICK Prince of *Wales*,

THIS

POEM

Is moſt humbly addreſſed,

By His

Moſt Devoted,

Moſt Obedient,

And moſt Humble Servant,

CORN^{S}. ARNOLD.

The ARGUMENT.

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COM-

COMMERCE.

WHILE You, Great Sir, *Britannia*'s riſing hope,
Great in Benevolence, ſuperior far
To all the trophies of the ſanguine field,
Purſue each plan, each generous deſign,
To bleſs mankind, and happineſs diſpenſe;
Thus ſings the muſe---Not dazzl'd with the glare
Of glory, pomp, or acclamation loud;
Mean, when compar'd to the ecſtatic joy
Which FREDERICK feels, when thouſands croud around,

To bleſs the bounteous hand--No ſlaviſh Bard
Now makes his court by adulation vile,
Nor ſings a language foreign to his heart:
Tranſcendent merit prompts the willing Muſe
To blend thy praiſes with commercial arts,
Arts which ſhe loves--Arts which ſhe boaſts are thine.

Hail, *Commerce!* friendly, univerſal ſource!
Of all that's great, magnificent, or good;
Of all that Voyager romantic tells
Of *India*'s wealth---or Virtuoſo dreams
Of philoſophic ſtone---oft vainly ſearch'd
In chymic Proceſs, when the heated brain
Of Alchymiſt boils o'er, and 'fore him riſe
Mountains of gold---viſionary ſhades!
The ſubſtance thine, O Commerce! thine the art
To make the treaſure of each world thy own:

Great Emblem of the ſun! whoſe genial rays
Refreſh the earth, whoſe influence benign
Gladdens all nature with luxuriant ſmiles;
Nor leſs *Thou* cheer'ſt the habitable globe,
Whoſe ſons with mirth and ruddy vigour glow,
Whoſe joy-fluſh'd cheek betokens thou art there:

Albion! to *Her* thou ow'ſt thy preſent fame,
Thy ſtately buildings, and thy villa's grand,
Thy peopl'd cities, and thy num'rous towns,
Which riſe promiſcuous, pleaſing to the ſight,
Thick as the ſhocks of corn on field new reap'd:

Fain would the Muſe the pleaſing taſk purſue,
O! were her numbers equal to the Theme,
Then, as the Bird of *Jove*, ſhe'd ſoar aloft,
To ſing the Merchant in *Pindaric* lays;

But ah! ſhe droops the *Dædalean* Wing,
Her flagging pinions aſk an humbler ſtrain.

See! the gay Fleet to various ports conſign'd,
Various their freight--rich Induſtry at helm
Smiles on the jovial Crew, joyous they ſpread
The bellying Canvas to th' impelling Wind,
Traverſe each Pole, and diſtant worlds explore;
Nor *Torrid Zone*, nor *Frigid*, bound their courſe.

Theſe, dauntleſs, brave the wide *Biſcayan* Bay,
Well known to Mariners for boiſt'rous wave,
And ſwell of Surges vaſt--an horrid Vale!
The liquid Mountains rear their tow'ring heads,
And hurl defiance at th' affrighted ſky.
Yet are thy ſeas more ſafe than thoſe which laſh
The ragged Coaſts of rough *Hibernia*'s ſhore;

Oft

Oft ſeen in vain--oft has the greedy Eye
Of Mariner devour'd thy hill--O *Hoath!* †
Ah! never ſhall he reach *thy* friendly ſhore,
Ah! never tread *thy* hoſpitable land:
See! every Plank convulſive tremor feels,
In cruel conflict with th' inſulting Foe,
Till bulging ſeas decide the dreadful ſtrife.

Some the *Atlantic* plough, *Pacific* call'd,
Tho' oft the loud-tongu'd waves contentious brawl,
In uproar wild--Onward they ſteer their courſe,
To *Afric*'s parched clime, whoſe ſooty Sons,
Thro' rage of civil Broils--hard Deſtiny!
Forc'd to the *Eaſtern* or the *Weſtern Ind*,
In ſlav'ry drag the galling chain of Life.

† *Hoath*—a hill well known, at the entrance of the Bar of *Dublin*.

Theſe paſs the *Streights*, coaſting the *Tuſcan* ſhore
To ſea-born *Venice*, or the proud *Levant*:
Delicious Voyage! whoſe variegated ſcenes
Strike with freſh wonder, and a new delight.

The *German* Ocean thoſe, where *Boreas* rough,
Bracing the nerves with ſtrength, hardens to Toil
The Nations of the *North*; leaving the *Sound*,
O'er *Baltic* Seas, they viſit *Ruſſia*'s Sons;
A rude, uncultivated, rugged Race,
Till ſmooth'd by Commerce, *rear'd* by *Peter*'s hand,
Great Peter! who forſook th' Imperial throne
To teach his people Arts unknown before.
Say, Muſe--what is't to brave the world in arms?
This *Alexander*, *Charles*, and *Cæſar* did,
Mighty Deſtroyers! Ravagers at large!

Once

Once heav'n-commiſſion'd Scourges of mankind!
'Gainſt *Thee* in truth's eternal balance weigh'd,
How does the ſcale fly up, and kick the beam!
How light to *Thee!* who taught the ſocial arts,
And made man mild, and ſociable to man:
This mighty work for *You* reſerv'd, great *Czar!*
Unequall'd Man! who tam'd the ſavage mind,
Chipt off th' incruſted Di'mond's rougher coat,
New ſet its native luſtre full to view;
By Commerce *You* bid *Peterſburgh* ariſe,
Great Miſtreſs of the *North*, whoſe brilliant Court
Rivals in ſplendour *Europe*'s grand *Verſailles*.

But whither would the Muſe tranſport me?--far
O'er endleſs tracks of congregrated Snow--
Adieu! theſe frozen Worlds--our native Clime
Demands us--Lo! what ſea-bleach't Cliffs are thoſe?

White

White as the ſheep new ſhorn--*Dover!* they're thine,
O *Albion!* whence thy Name--which from the Beach
Riſe dreadfully majeſtic--Semblance fit
Of thy ſuperior Sway, and height of Rule!
What do I ſee!--what thoſe aſpiring domes!
Hail! fair † *Auguſta*, Miſtreſs of the world!
Thy fav'rite, Commerce, here has fix'd her throne,
Here holds her Reign ſupreme--long may *She* reign!
Triumphantly, as erſt when *England*'s Queen,
Elizabeth! renown'd for Arts and Arms,
Britannia ſway'd--both loving and belov'd--
A more than match for thy Armada, *Spain!*
'Twas She receiv'd thee, Commerce, when expell'd
The *Netherlands* by *D'Alva*'s tyranny,
Whilſt vanquiſh'd Liberty reveng'd her Cauſe
On haughty *Philip*, quitting *Belgia*'s ſhore,

† *Auguſta*—*London* ſo called.

Brought

Brought with Her here the welcome golden Fleece,
A mine of wealth ſurpaſſing thine, *Peru!*
Effect moſt juſt of Perſecution vile!

Thus may Oppreſſion, Cruelty, and Luſt
Of pow'r, however couch'd in pious terms
Of *Inquiſition Holy!--Acts of Faith!*
Thus ever may they thrive--Good God! that e'er
Thy Creature rational ſhould ſteel his breaſt
'Gainſt Nature's Voice!--thy Image thus invert!

Is there a Crime on earth, which calls aloud
For Wrath uncommon, and ſevereſt Ire?
Tho' tardy vengeance dozing ſeems to ſleep,
Sure it is Cruelty--true fiend of Hell!
When awful cloath'd in mild Religion's dreſs,
Feaſting on blood in horrid maſſacre;

Tremble at this--Ye Tyrants of the earth!
Thus t' inſult your God, and call it, *Piety!*
Monſtrous to thought! Let's quit the gloomy ſcene.

Lo! *Greſham*'s noble ſtructure, *Royal* call'd,
Reſort of Merchants! venerable Pile!
Where various nations of the peopl'd earth
Tranſact the *Bus'neſs* of the *buſtling* Globe;
Here the furr'd *Ruſſian*, and the turban'd *Turk*,
The trowſer'd *Dutchman*, and the *buſkin'd Suede*,
The plain, rough *German*, the *Italian* ſoft,
The ſlow, grave *Spaniard*, and the *Frenchman* gay:
A world in miniature! Sight moſt pleaſing!
Nothing artic'late thro' the buzzing crowd--
Babel of Melody! harmonious Diſcord!
Sweeter than Airs by *Handel*'s genius ſung--

What glowing Tranſport heaves th'enraptur'd Breaſt,
Who can ſurvey this little *World* around,
With friendly eye, and univerſal Love;
Whoſe open face the Image of his heart,
Stranger to dark and ſiniſter deſigns,
Can ſmile on all benevolently good,
And in each Man can read his *Brother* there;
Such is the Merchant, who with gen'rous views
Greatly anticipates the want of Thouſands,
Extending Commerce but the more to bleſs:
Such *Barnard*, *Bethell*, *Amyand* and *Van Neck*--
Great Sons of Liberty! rich Queen of Arts!
Whoſe Bliſs-diffuſive hand makes *Albion* ſmile;
Albion! where Plenty, Peace, and buxom Joy,
Led on by GEORGE, alternate revels hold;
Where Property's enjoy'd--where Mercy, Truth,

Together

Together met--proclaim a BRUNSWICK reigns;
Where *Liberty* and GUELPH in glorious league,
Go hand in hand to guard their mutual Care.

Fair LIBERTY! the *Venus* of this Isle!
Where *Vulcan* Industry, when cheer'd by *Thee*,
Works ev'ry Nerve, nor deems the toil severe:
Absent--thy Daughter Commerce soon would droop,
And happiest lands become a dreary Waste.

O *Italy!* delightful, beauteous spot!
Couldst thou but boast her gentle golden Reign,
How blest were *You!* but fate denies too much;
Nature with lavish hand exuberant,
On thee has pour'd her sweets, profusely kind!
Thrice happy land! where *Arno*'s silver stream
Glides gently thro' t' enrich the fertile glebe;

Fertile,

Fertile, alas! in vain, while Papal pow'r
And ſlaviſh Bigotry depreſs the mind;
While lordly Sway, and arbitrary Rule,
Eat up the labour of the hungry Hind
Toiling in vain--well may'ſt Thou mourn thy lands
Uncultivated, and thy fields forlorn.
With too great happineſs unbleſt--ſo *Spain*,
Curſt with the treaſures of the *Indian* world,
Supine and ſlothful, thro' affected Pride,
Boaſting Gentility, neglected Trade,
And all was ſplendid Poverty at beſt.

Such was *Iberia*, when *Cervantes* roſe
To ridicule the foible of his Age:
Immortal *Quixott!* worthy better fate,
Neglect, too oft the Pay of great deſert.
Diſdaining *now* the fetters of falſe pride,

They rouſe to Arts, and Manufactures raiſe--
Fetters! which long oppreſs'd thee, *France!* while Luſt
Of Monarchy brought low thy *Grand Monarque*--
Richlieu by Politicks made thy Name rever'd,
Mighty in Arms, and dreaded thro' the World;
But *Fleury* roſe, great Miniſter, and good!
Sav'd *Thee*, when almoſt ſunk, by *fine wrought* ſchemes,
By Commerce rais'd *Thee* to an envied height:
Thy Sons ſoon caught the Flame, and now their Ships,
Extending wide their Traffick o'er the Deep,
Bid fair to conquer th' *European* World.

Britain! the World's in arms--more dreadful arms,
Than hoſtile ſword, or the loud cannon's Roar;
Pacific Arms! which levell'd at thy Trade,
Thy Baſis ſhake--'tis time to take th' alarm,
By Induſtry ſuperior to ariſe;

By

By honeſt Councils, and true Patriot Zeal,
To cheriſh Commerce, and extend her ſway.

Commerce! moſt ſov'reign Pow'r! *Batavia* tell
How *She* of erſt retriev'd thy State diſtreſt;
Strong, inconteſted proof that *She* could raiſe
The loweſt ſtates 'bove Kingdoms of the Earth:
Well is it known how thy Petition ran,
Addreſs'd to great *Eliza*, *Albion*'s Queen;
Eliza heard--*Amboyna* be forgot--
The Error of thy Reign, *Pacific James!*
Britons! regard Her with a Siſter's eye,
But ſcorn ſupplanting by a Siſter's hand:
Remember oft your Mother's drooping years
Demand no leſs your pious Care--ſhe mourns
Her Northern coaſts, environ'd all around

With alien † *Buſſes*, and a ſpurious Brood:
What means this Indolence? this Lethargy?
Thus to neglect the Treaſure of the Seas--

Britannia! mourn no more--thy *Janſſen*, ſee!
Extends his ready hand to raiſe *Thee* up;
Janſſen! whoſe Head is cool to form the ſcheme,
As warm his Heart to execute the plan;
Great Patriot! in all may *You* ſucceed--

If ought avails the Muſe's humble pray'r,
Greatly ſolicitous for her Country's good--
Hear me, propitious Heav'n! *Britannia* guard,
Direct her Councils, and extend her Trade;
Save her alike from miniſterial Pow'r,
And Patriotiſm falſe--give her Nobles

† *Buſſes*—Veſſels uſed in the Herring Fiſhery.

Zeal

Zeal to aſſert her Rights--her Sons inſpire
With love of Induſtry and nervous Toil;
Aſſiſt her fav'rite Infant at its birth,
The *Britiſh Fiſhery*--oh! rear it up
With hand benign, bring it to growth mature,
So in return ſhall Thouſands bleſs thy Name.

Lo! *Britain*'s Genius riſing to her aid,
Great FREDERICK vouchſafes to lead the † Van
Of brave Advent'rers in the grand Attempt:
Patron of Arts! YOU ever foremoſt ſtand,
In each deſign to benefit Mankind;
Teach us from *Thee* to prize commercial Arts,
Teach us Benevolence, ſo ſhall we be bleſt,
So learn wherein true Happineſs conſiſts.

† Elected Governor of the *Britiſh Fiſhery*.

But what is *Happineſs?* 'tis not to wear
The ermin'd Robe, the Mitre, or the Crown;
Many have wore theſe--alas! how wretched!
It is Benevolence--Offspring of Heav'n!
With this compar'd all Qualities are droſs,
Mere tinkling cymbals, and an empty ſound:
An * *Hough*, a † *Boulter*, ‡ *Warham*, and a § *More*,
Who ſent their Wealth Ambaſſadors to Heav'n,
Knew what it was full well--Immenſely bleſt!

Theſe are but Foils to You, *Illuſtrious Sir!*
How ſhall I paint the Condeſcenſion great?
When Princely Dignity vouchſaf'd to ſtoop
The callous Palm of Artiſan to greet;

* *Hough*—late Biſhop of *Worceſter*.
† *Boulter*—late Primate of all *Ireland*.
‡ *Warham*—Archbiſhop and Chancellor in the Reign of *Henry* VIII.
§ *More*—Sir *Thomas More*—Chancellor in the Reign of *Henry* VIII.

When

When thro' your ‡ Weſtern Tour, with lib'ral Hand,
In Pleaſure's Cup, Humanity You mixt,
And ſerv'd it round--All was tumultuous Joy!
When bleſt * *Corinium* hail'd You as You paſt.

London! how great thy Triumph! truly great,
More than when *Charles* his pompous Entry made,
By *Monk* attended thro' the crowded ſtreets--
Day leſs auſpicious! than when thy FREDERICK
Late deign'd to viſit thy † remoteſt Parts;
To raiſe the poor Mechanic's drooping heart
By free Acceſs--and Princely Converſe mixt
With friendly Talk of *Looms* and *Warps* and *Woofs*,
Arts worthy of a Prince, the *Friend of Trade!*
Nor leſs, AUGUSTA, did thy Preſence charm!

‡ Alluding to the Prince's Journey laſt Summer.
* *Corinium*—*Cirenceſter* in *Glouceſterſhire*.
† Alluding to the Prince and Princeſs going to *Spitalfields*.

Hail!

Hail! gen'rous FREDERICK and AUGUSTA mild!
In whom the ſocial Virtues all unite,
To deal out Bleſſings to the human Race,
Whoſe ready Offices out-run the Woe,
And the Heart dictates e'er it reach the Ear.

THEE! the DELIGHT, the TITUS of Mankind:
Thy eldeſt Hope, MARCELLUS, will ariſe,
And add new Glories to the BRUNSWICK Line.

F I N I S.